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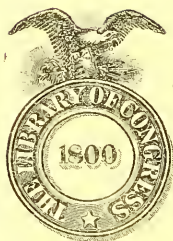
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# LES ENFANTS



GERTRUDE LITCHFIELD



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# LES ENFANTS

*A Book of Verse  
in  
French-Canadian Dialect*

GERTRUDE LITCHFIELD



BOSTON  
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## PREFACE

**I** HAVE the hope that all who read these verses may feel somewhat acquainted with the little French-Canadian people with whom it has been my privilege and delight to associate as a teacher and a friend.

It is not of the French-Canadians in Canada that I write, but of the families of the French-Canadian immigrants in New England, who, through their astonishing increase in numbers, and their admirable traits of industry, frugality, domestic virtue, and good citizenship, have made themselves "a power to be felt and known" in many of our large manufacturing centres.

This population, amounting to nearly a million French-Canadians in our midst, seems wonderful and significant. Although they cluster in communities, although the adults speak little or no English, though they do not readily mingle with the Anglo-Saxon element of our towns, yet their children attend our public schools, soon command both languages, and finally fill high places of trust and honor in our merchantile and civic affairs.

These little children, during that most interest-

## PREFACE

ing period, when they are acquiring the English language, struggling with new words, putting aside their native speech for the time being, yet recurring to it often in moments of hesitancy, and with strange confusions in grammar, give us a unique and fascinating dialect. It is this dialect which I have tried to portray with such accuracy and sympathetic love that they will seem to my readers the real, warm-hearted, spontaneous, beauty-loving little beings which they are to me.

GERTRUDE LITCHFIELD.

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For kind permission to reprint some of these verses the author wishes to express her thanks to the editors of the Boston Transcript and the Primary Education.

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## SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

W'at you t'ink, Miss Fee,  
'Bout de Christmas tree—  
Santa Claus, he come?  
Dat geev some fonne.  
Hev he got a sleigh,  
Lak de journal say,  
An' eight reindeer  
He hev for steer?  
How he mak' heself go  
Right over de snow  
An' reach all de house  
So still lak a mouse?  
Mus' be some trick—  
He go so quick  
Down beeg chimnee,  
For you never see  
How he get t'roo  
Dat beeg flu-flu,  
Nor w'at he leave—  
But you jus' b'lieve  
He leave someting,  
Den bird on de wing  
He make' his pass  
To some noder place—  
Can't stop too long,  
So bells ding-dong,  
An' off he fly  
Right t'roo de sky.  
Will he come dis year?  
If I'm bad, I'm fear  
He don' lak me,  
But you know, Miss Fee,  
How hard I've try  
Not tell any lie;  
W'en Romeo swear  
I pulled his hair,

An' I say, I'm shu  
Santa Claus skip you,  
For no bad boy  
Will get some toy!  
But poor Romeo  
Aint got no show  
Side o' me, w'at's got  
A slicker lot,—  
You know my pa  
Don' go to de bar,  
An' my ma's ole dress  
Is better'n his ma's bes',  
An' she don' work  
( 'Cause my pa don' shirk )  
All day on de mill,  
An' at night work still  
For mak' de house,  
An' patch Romeo's blouse;  
Me changez my clo'es  
An' mettez belle chose  
Don' wear beeg patch,  
Nor t'ings dat scratch,  
Mos' all de skin off—  
I say dat's tough.  
Now let me see—  
If you was me  
An' Santa Claus bring  
So many t'ing  
Because I'm good  
An' do w'at I should,—  
If he don' know  
All about Romeo,  
Dat w'y he's bad  
Is 'cause he can't be glad,  
You t'ink he'll care  
( Dough Romeo swear )  
If I geev him a lot  
Of de t'ings he's brought?

'Cause you see, Miss Fee,  
Dough he knows me,  
Shu he don't know  
About Romeo—  
All about his pa  
An' about his ma—  
Don' know how hard  
'Tis, not to be bad ;  
An' p'r'aps w'en he gits  
More de t'ings w'at fits,  
An' some of de toys  
W'at's made for boys,  
P'r'aps den he'll be  
Jus' as good as me,  
So if Santa Claus come  
We'll mak' it some fonne  
For poor Romeo  
Whom Santa don' know.  
W'at you t'ink, Miss Fee,  
'Bout de Christmas tree?

## LEETLE WINTER BIRD

Oh, chicadee-dee!  
Leetle birdie,  
W'ere 'tis you go  
W'en com' de snow  
An' win' she blow,  
Leetle chicadee-dee?

You don' lef' us  
Nor do you fuss  
W'en storm com' down;  
I guess you foun'  
Warm place aroun'  
Somewhere, chicadee-dee!

De God know, too,  
W'en he mak' you  
An' de wedder,  
All togedder,  
To put green fedder  
On de tree, chicadee-dee!

An' dere you stay—  
You know de way  
To do, for keep  
Out of snow heap  
W'en it is deep,  
Leetle chicadee-dee!

But w'en de sun  
Com' out, beeg one,  
You sit an' sing—  
You 'fraid not'ing,—  
An' spread you wing  
For fly, chicadee-dee!



W'at would we do  
Not to hev you  
All winter long  
For sing de song  
Dat mak' hearts strong?  
Bravo! Chicadee-dee!

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington,  
Oh, he's beeg wan!  
An' hones', too,  
By gum, dat's true.  
He never lie —  
He'd radder die  
Den say bad t'ing;  
Wan tam he bring  
His leetle axe  
An' he mak' whacks  
Right in de tree,  
W'at has cherree.  
Well, w'at you bet  
Dat he will get—  
His fadder lick  
Wid his beeg stick?  
No, his fadder  
Jus' look sadder,  
An' say, "Georgie,  
Who cuts my tree?"  
An' Georgie say,  
"Tis jus' dis way—  
I cuts you tree.  
To nobodee  
I tell some lie,  
An' dat is why  
You don' catch me  
Lyin' 'bout dat tree."  
Well, aint dat queer!  
I'm pretty skeer  
If he'd been me,  
Dat you would see  
My fadder do  
A t'ing or two.  
Oh, you don't know  
De beeg ole blow

Dat I hev had  
W'en he's got mad!  
Sometam, I lie—  
Dere's no use try  
For speak out true  
W'en you are shu  
De lickin's com';  
An' yet, by gum,  
If fadder of he  
Was fadder of me,  
I'd be beeg wan  
Lak Washington!

## GABRIELLE'S ORIOLE

See, Oh see, dat leetle birdie  
Am singin' on de tree!  
She hev a nes' dat's swing,  
An' swingin' nice's can be.  
How I'd lak' to be de birdie  
Way up dar!  
Leetle birdie, not afraid, she  
Up so far!

Birdie has de black on fedder,  
Look lak orange on it, too,  
Wid some leetle white ones  
For trimmin's, jus' a few.  
Teacher say 'tis oriolé  
Jus' lak you!  
Soon you will begin for fly  
In sky so blue!

Why you hurree up for go,  
Why not stay on de tree?  
Mus' you fin' somet'ing  
For eating? Come to me,—  
I will geev you all my cookie.  
Won' you stay?  
I'll not pull your leetle fedder,  
Petit cher!

## DE CIRCUS

You don' never gone to de circus?  
W'at for den you don' go?  
Me, I seen beeg wan, nice wan,—  
Dat fonnee circus show.

I say I seen it, I did, too,  
But don' tole nobodee!  
'Cause de way I see was peek-boo  
Under de canopee.

You don't lak dat way? W'at you t'ink  
Garçon lak me can do—  
'Cause I don' hev de fiftee cent  
Me stay outside wid you?

Oh, non, non, non, you mak' meestak';  
W'en bon circus is here,  
I don' wait long, I jus' go tak  
Dis hole place, I don' keer.

De rain com' down, an' win' she blow,  
But I don' keer for dat,  
Don' mak' some difference jus' now,  
I'm jus' lak beeg drowned rat.

My eyes, dey's dry enough for peek,  
Aint moche dere I can't see—  
De beeg, strong man, an' wan dat's weak,  
An' wan dat's beeg fattee.

Oh, gee! Dey do de crazee trick—  
All double up so tight,  
Den com' buffoon wid leetle stick,  
I t'ink he's gon' for fight.

He ack so mad an' den he laf,—  
Noder clown com' on de stage,  
Has yeelow clo'es wid red on half  
W'at fits him very large.

I'd lak' to mak' de fool, Oh yass,  
Dey's really very smart  
To go aroun' an' mak' deir pass  
On leetle petit cart.

De long ear mule, he took it roun'  
To geev it for a ride,  
He try to t'row it out on groun'  
But clown hang to de side.

Den dey bote sing some loud chanson,  
Si forte! it mak' me deaf,  
But dey sing better de nex' wan,  
Dat's only mak' belief.

A woman den mak' some performance—  
Hang itself up by de toes?  
I t'ot dat maybe she gon' dance,  
Or try for stan' on it's nose.

But she jus' kip up on dat t'ing—  
De leetle swing trapeze  
Ev'ry minute her han' she fling  
An' sen' some bon kisses.

Dat part I can't recount some more  
Pourquoi? It mak' me sick,  
I lak for see de lion roar,  
But kisses com' too t'ick.

I'd hev for mak' my leave right den  
If horses did not come,  
I'm pretty sure dat I count ten  
Jus' arrivé! I'm dumb,

An' deef, an' blin', an' all dat's fool,  
If I don' lak dat race!  
Dey go two-fortee (dey's no mule),  
Dat bay wan set de pace.

De trumpet blow, de race feenish,  
De wan I lak, she's beat!  
I am so glad for get my wish,  
I can't stan' on my feet.

Jus' den beeg man wid bad, black eye,  
He spy me dere peekin'  
I t'ink he put me in lock-up,  
I try get off sneakin'.

But 'fore I hev de time for skip,  
He ax me tak' peanut,  
He say he geev me grosse tiquette  
If I sell dose peanut.

Den I can see de animal—  
Jus' w'at I want to see—  
So I commence for mak' my yell,  
"Peanut! one bag for t'ree!"

I sell dem all, an' lolly-pop  
Beside, so now I go  
To tell de man, he say "Tip-top!"  
An' geev tiquette, also.

An' now I pass right t'roo de show,  
Can't stop or kip me out,  
Dat's my beesness, I guess I know  
Quite moche w'at I'm about.

Dere's ev'ry kin' of animal—  
Beeg kin' an' kin dat's small,  
Dere's some w'at's more den I can tell,  
An' oders hard to call.

De elephan', he has beeg tail  
On place w'ere nose should be,  
An' on his mout', as sharp as nail,  
Two horn pointing at me.

Den dere's de giraffé, si haut!  
She's rubber, rubber-neck,  
For she can look on all below—  
She sees ev'ryt'ing, I spec'.

Rhinosceros has horn on nose!  
Dat mak' hyenas laf,  
An' me, I laf an' laf, si grosse!  
I almost' split in half.

De camels, too, dat chew an' chew,  
Dey got some bumps on back!  
How do you t'ink dat you'd feel, you,  
To get so many whack?

I had a bump, me, swell right up,  
W'en I got hit on head,—  
I'd never lick a leetle pup  
So hard, or he'd come dead.

An' did you never seen black bear?  
He stan' up straight an' dance,  
Dey play some musique, an' right dere  
He mak' some leetle pranks.

But w'at I lak mos' bes, of all  
Was monkeys, I don' care  
For de res', w'en de monkeys bawl  
An' fight, an' pull deir hair.

Dey chat, chat, chatter all de tam,  
Dey hev somet'ing for say,  
I s'pose, but always jus' de sam'—  
Dey'd lak for talk all day.



Dey get a face lak Monsieur Giroux ;  
My modder say, "For shame!"  
But dat's de trut' I tell, for shu,  
An' me, I'm not to blame

'Cause he look lak dat, but anyhow,  
Dose monkey acks as well  
As he does, too, an' dat's trut' now,  
For him, he'll go to hell!

He say all swear word, bad an' bole,  
An' lots he say beside,  
Ah' all de lies! I never tole  
So many, if I tried.

I don' lak him, he mak' me mad ;  
I call him monkey once  
Right on his face, an' he's not glad  
For dat, not moche, je pense.

I never know about dat t'ing  
Dey call de kangaroo,  
Wid head as leetle as a pin  
An' tail beeg 'nough for two.

I t'ink she hev mos' ninety year,  
She walk as if it 's ole—  
Jus' lak my poor great-grandmodder—  
But now, I see she's hole

De leetle babies on her knee!  
Her lap, she's mad' lak poche ;  
My modder, she has got babie—  
So very, very moche—

I t'ink she'd lak a poche comme cela!  
'Twould be a convenience  
For hole Celange, Beatrix, Eva,  
Florina an' Constance.

Jus' den, de lion mak' beeg roar,  
My storee now is done,  
I t'ink he shake de very floor  
I'm scare me, an' I ronne.

I don' know why I acks lak fou  
I wish dat I had stay,  
For w'en once I get out, Oh, whew!  
I can't get back no way.

But den I get de fine balloon,  
Beeg man wid bad, black eye,  
He geev it me, a nice beeg wan,  
Jus' lak de moon on sky.

I'm glad for dat, I hol' it tight—  
Prend-garde, don' let it bus'—  
An' now I see it ev'ry night  
An' t'ink of de circus.

## MA YEELOW CAT

I use' for hev wan beeg, black cat,  
Noder tam I hev wan gray,  
But now I got no cat lak dat,  
Dis wan, she's noder way.

She's very yeelow, tout le corps,  
She's got no white on nose  
No white on tail, nor anyt'ing,  
Not even on de toes.

She's not moche fat, don' grow tres grosse,  
But I don' care for dat  
Of course, she gon' come pretty t'in  
W'en all tam she chase rat.

She catch de beeges' wan I seen,  
'Twas mos' as beeg lak her,  
But she too quick for let it go—  
Dat's moche to rat's douleur.

I'm always glad, me, w'en she get  
De rat for her souper  
For den I know she's hev enough  
An' will not go hungré.

Sometam dere's no too moche manger  
For all fourteen children  
So w'ere you t'ink dat cat come in  
Wid such a lot of dem?

She go an' mak' de leetle veesit,  
For see de people aroun'  
An' she restez until she eat  
Ev'ryt'ing dat can be foun'.



## THE BROKEN DOLL

I've los' my doll, she's broke it's head.  
An' I can't play, 'cause she's come dead.  
My modder bought anoder doll,  
She's great beeg wan, an' stan' so tall;  
She's sitting dere in de parlor  
'Cause I aint got no use for her;  
She's yeelow hair, an' blue silk dress,  
Wid gold trimmin's an' all de res';  
She is quite swell, my Isobelle,  
But I don' lak her near so well  
As Philomene, who sleep wid me,  
An' sit an' play upon my knee,  
An' know jus' ev'ryt'ing I say  
Until her head—she broke dat day.  
But I don' care if dolls is bus',  
You can't help love 'em—so—you mus'!

## THE RUBBER BALL

You no play rubber ball—

Mak' her boun' on de wall?

If you hit her verree fas'

She will hurree, mak' her pass.

You no catch it—

Jus' you slap it

She will com' right back to you

Before you can count "one, two!"

You no need some wan for t'row,

De leetle ball, she seem to know

How to come back,

When she go whack.

Wouldn't you t'ink dat she'd feel tire

W'en she go more fas' an' higher?

But she never fail you so,

Jus' so long you mak' her go,

Wen you hit it

An' don' miss it.

Dere's de crack dere on de wall

Dat is w'ere you sent de ball,

An' it look dere all de w'ile

Jus' as if it 's wan beeg smile,

Dat seem for say,—

"'Tis you stop play,

You can't beat de rubber ball,

She would not geev up at all,

You're no winner—

She's de spinner."

## A CONVALESCENT BOY ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

Dey mak' beeg noise, an' dey catch bad boys,  
An' dey puts 'em in de lock-up,  
An' dey mak' beeg fires an' dey cuts de wires,  
An' de roads dey try for block-up.

Dey blow de horn an' mak' 'lum'nation,  
Dat look lak de sky was burning,  
Some red an' blue, an' green fire, too,  
Shows up ev'ryw'ere you're turning.

Dere's fire-crackin', an' great beeg w'ackin'  
Wan, goes off, almos' bus' your ear;  
It seems to me dat dis shouldn't be—  
If I was out, I wouldn't keer.

But w'en you're sick, you'd radder be lick  
Den hev for stay here, all shut up  
Tight in de house, so still lak a mouse,  
An' never, never to get up.

Only jus' lie an' see de t'ings fly,  
An' wish dat you could fly 'way, too.  
I t'ink you'd cry on de Fort' o' July  
If you had to stay on de house, you!

## LOUSIE

Lousie,  
On de head, me!  
Here, I guess,  
On dis place,  
Oh, she's bit—  
I know it!  
I go scratch  
Try for catch  
Lousie,  
Bad lousie!

Lousie,  
On de head, me!  
Dere it go—  
Bite encore,  
How she fly,  
Oh, me, my!  
I don' see  
W'ere she be  
Lousie,  
Quick lousie!

Lousie,  
On de head, me!  
If she's one  
She's hev fonne  
Skippin' so—  
But dere's mo'  
Yes, I bet  
I will get  
Lousie,  
Ten lousie!



Lousie,  
Now your're dead, see!  
Run no mo'  
I am sho'  
In my han'  
You will stan'  
No mo' bite,  
Not a mite,  
Lousie,  
Poor lousie!

## DE BEBE ON MY HOUSE

Dere's a bebe com' on my house,  
Sauvage bring it, dat's true—  
She bring it for my modder  
An' for my fadder, too.

I lak de bebe on my house,  
My fadder's not moche glad,  
My modder look at de bebe,  
I t'ink den she feel sad.

Since de bebe com' on my house,  
Dere's somet'ing don' be right,  
It don' ope it's eyes for seein'.  
Dey's always shut up tight.

Wan eye, she mak' it go lak dis,  
Nodder eye, she go lak dat;  
Can't kip it warm, can't kip it still,  
Little han' she go lak dat.

Don' mak' no difference on my house  
W'at dey can do at all,  
Bebe still hev les deux jambes croches,  
An' always kip so small.

De sauvage dat com' on my house,  
She bring de bebe so;  
My fadder's mad, yass, very mad,  
He say she bring some mo'

Lak dat w'en she com' on my house  
He'll shoot her so she's dead,  
He's 'fraid not'ing, my fadder is,  
He'll shoot her on de head.

But de bebe don' stay on my house,  
We know raison for why,  
We geev good name for de bebe,  
So, of course, she's gon' for die.

Geev it bad name, bebe will leev,  
You see, dat's jus' de way;  
Rosalma Valida—fine name,  
An' so she cannot stay!

Well, den dey took it from my house,  
Put in on cemetière,  
An' now we hev no bebe  
For I'm le plus jeune dere.

Nex' tam Sauvage com' on my house  
She's gon' bring one for stay;  
I don' t'ink she's nice for geev it  
An' den tak' it away.

## LETTING DE OLE CAT DIE

Oh, I go swing, an' I swing high,  
I'm t'inkin' shu I'll touch de sky,  
But I fin' out I can't do dat  
For ev'ry tam I come right back;  
To swing some more, I will not try.

“Get out!” I say.

“Oh, now go 'way

An' don' touch me

For can't you see

Dat I'm letting de ole cat die!”

Rosie, she sit in hammock close by  
Wid her Henri,—dey don' swing high,  
Dey're too busee for talk too moche;  
I never see de lak of soche;  
He's kissin' it right on de sly—

But she don' say,

“Oh, now go 'way

An don' touch me!”

For can't you see—

She's not letting de ole cat die!

## MA LEETLE DOLL ROSETTE

She com' fatiguée,  
Ma leetle Rosette,  
Her eye, she's fermez,  
De bes' wan she's get—  
She don't hev but wan,  
De oder, dat melt  
W'en shine de beeg sun.  
So sorree I felt  
I catch her up quick  
An' save oder eye  
Dat's turn to de brick  
Of de walk close by  
On my house, Oh, my!  
I kiss it an' mak it  
Com' well; she don' cry  
Lak de doll dat sit  
So fine in beeg store,  
She can't say, "Papa!"  
Perhaps if I show her  
She can say, "Mamma!"  
But why need for speak?  
I know all she mean  
W'en I put leetle cheek  
Up close, how she been  
So sleepee for long time,  
So tres fatiguée  
I sing her de nice rhyme,  
An' den she's dormez  
She sleep all de day,  
Ma leetle Rosette  
Her eye, she's fermez  
De bes' wan she's get.

## THE FIRE-FLY

Oh, leetle fire-flier,  
I'm shu you go higher  
Dis night, den I ever was  
    seen you before!  
I look on de grass here,  
An' den on de bush near,  
An' den on de tree an' I  
    see you encore,  
Nort', an' sout', an' eas',—wes',—  
You go w'ere you lak bes',  
An' me, I go follow an'  
    wish you keep still—  
Jus' wan leetle minute  
I see how you' wing lit  
De sky—lak de star in de  
    heaven twinkel!  
I put out my han' so  
But 'fraid me you're tres chaud,  
I t'ink you gon' burn me  
    wid you' pretty light,  
But now, I hev caught you,  
W'at is it you got, you?  
I don' know,—I can't tell—  
    W'at mak' you so bright!

## MADemoISELLE'S HAT

Mademoiselle Valoir  
Hev a hat noir,  
Got beeg fedder  
Dat look redder  
Den garden beet  
You lak for eat,  
It was beeger  
Dan de feeger  
In de store had—  
(Dat was tres bad)—  
Lak a basket  
Dat ma mere's get  
W'ich I put on, for fonne,  
Comme cela!

Mademoiselle Valoir  
Com' to our parloir  
For mak' veesit,  
An' down she sit.  
I hev for smile—  
She t'ink she's style.  
"Tak' off you' hat,"  
Ma mere said dat,  
She, agréable,  
Put 't on de table;  
W'en she no look,  
Dat hat I took  
An' put it on, for fonne,  
Comme cela!

Mademoiselle Valoir  
She's ma bête-noire!  
She look aroun',  
An' den she foun'  
Dat I borrow  
Her beau chapeau,  
Oh, gol donc ça,  
How she holler!  
She say, "I guess  
Dis no politesse!"  
She jompe for me,  
But I hurree—  
Away I ronne, for fonne,  
Comme cela!



## MY VALENTINE

I get wan Christmas card,  
An' I hev wan New Year, too,  
But de wan I lak mos' bes'  
Was de wan I get from you.

I don' know w'at it say—  
Can't read me, very correc',  
But de picture was dandy  
All color, Oh, 't was slick!

Dere was hearts upon it—  
My sister get wan lak dat—  
Wid blue flower aroun' it  
W'at you call forget-me-nat.

She read me de verses,  
An' I 'member w'at dey say—  
"Je t'aime toujours, ma chérie  
Je suis tout a vous, si vrai!"

I wonder if de letter  
On my card speak it so fine!  
I ax her if she tell me,  
An' she read,—*"My Valentine."*

She lak her card quite moche,  
She tol' me it's from her beau—  
I don' know who or w'ich wan,  
But perhaps it's Romeo.

But dis, *"My Valentine"*—  
Dat soun' so good an' so true,  
An' I s'pose I lak it bes'  
Because, well,—it came from you!

## L'ECOLE DANS LA RUE MECHANIQUE

Dat teacher dans la rue Mechanique,  
We lak her more'n all de res',  
Pourquoi? 'Cause she's lak de Canayen,  
An' so, for shu, she's de bes'.

Her eye, she's black lak Canayen,  
Her hair, she's brown lak de bear,  
She's not a large wan, dat teacher,  
She is leetle—can get ev'ryw'ere.

She not nak' no fuss for de chil'ren,  
She help dem for mak' it some fonne,  
She can skip, jompe, an' play lak a good wan,  
I bet you, too, she can ronne.

Sometam she gon put her arm 'roun' us  
Quand we do somet'ing bad politesse,  
She tell us how bad it mak' feel her,  
W'en we try hard for not do our bes'.

Den tear she stan' out on de eye  
Of de boy or de girl also,  
Den a look go from one to de oder  
A look w'ich we all better know.

De teacher den start us on singin'  
"My Countree," or somet'ing lak dat,  
She mak' us all stan' up lak sojer  
An' den we go march after dat.

She tell us sometam leetle storee  
'Bout ev'ryt'ing she don' know,  
I tell you, it mak' us to listen  
For she go so nice an' so slow.

She go slow for mak us comprenez,  
Don' you see now de raison for why?  
We don' understand moche of Anglais,  
An' for mak' us, she always is try.

W'en de han' she mak' noise on de desk,  
An' de foot she mak' noise on de floor,  
You t'ink she go mad an' screech  
An' lak de beeg lion mak' roar?

Well, I t'ink not, 'tain't lak her for do so,  
She sit herself down right away,  
She look at us kin' in de face,  
An' she say, "Leetle chil'ren, let's play."

She know all de hard we been workin'  
Pour de lire et d'écrire an' all such,  
She see it is hard for keep quiet,  
An' she know we lak play very much.

Oh, den you should see up de han' com'  
For mak' it some choice 'bout de game—  
'Tis "bean-bag," an' "boy-blue," an' lots more—  
"Leetle squirrel" is bes' jus' de same.

You know how com' play "leetle squirrel"?  
'Tis de tune of de "Doodle Yankee,"  
I lak it, me, it is so pretty,  
An' de tune, it is dead easee.

"De leetle squirrel wants to race  
Wid some quick child who's steady,  
So hide you desk upon you face"—  
I make' meestake lak Teddy!

He always sing dat t'ing wrong way—  
For how you gon hide desk on face?  
'Tis "hide you face upon you desk  
An' for de nut be ready."

Den, "*Tra la la la la la la,*  
*La la la la la la la,*"  
Sing "*Tra la la la la la la,*  
*La la la la la la, la.*"

You see all tam dat las' chanson,  
A leetle boy still ronne on,  
He carry nut right in his han'  
An' drop it soon to some wan.

Dat wan, he pick it up so quick,  
An' chase de feller who's droppin',  
He chase him up an' down de aisle,  
W'ile all de res' am watchin'.

Oh, dat is w'at mak' us excite,  
'Tis good as de circus,  
For see de feller catch him so  
It mak' us almos' bus'.

De game is don', we soon go home,  
But some stay wid mâtresse,  
Dere'e wan restez mos' ev'ry night  
Dat wan, it is Amez.

He hev a sled outside de door,  
He say he geev de teacher ride;  
She say she cannot ride no more,  
She hev a laugh she cannot hide.

It mak' her t'ink w'en she was young,  
She mus' be pretty old at las',  
For she's been teachin' all de tam  
Since I was com' to baby class.

Well, Amez, he will talk to her,  
For he does love her so,  
I t'ink dat he will stay all night  
He is so slow for go.

He say he's shu for marry her  
W'en he grow into man  
He say he geev her good ride den  
For he will hev a span.

He say w'en dey com' mak' marree  
Dere's money in de bank,  
He geev her a ten-dollar bill,  
An never be no crank.

He spen' his money all for her,  
Dat mak' her very glad,  
He say he never swear no more  
An' never more be bad.

She laugh a leetle, say not'ing,  
I tol' you dat ain't so,  
Amez, she never marry him,  
She hev anoder beau!

## HOPPEE TOAD

Hoppee, hoppee, hoppee-toad,  
W'en I seen you on de road,  
T'ot you was a liddle stone  
Dat I almos' step upon,  
But you jompe across de road,  
Hoppee, hoppee, hoppee-toad!

You land you'se'f wid such a t'ump,  
An' com' down all in a flat lump,  
Den you push you'se'f along  
Wid you' back legs, beeg an' strong;  
It is fonne to watch you go—  
Jerkee, jerkee, verree slow!

If I do not go too near,  
You don' care if I am here—  
T'ink you lak ma comp'ny, too,  
W'en I'm quiet, jus' lak you.  
I can't any quarrel pick  
If I poke you wid a stick—

You not gon' to try for fight,  
Don' know how to scratch or bite;  
Jus' you turn an' mak' you' pass  
T'rough de fiel' an' 'cross de grass—  
Will not stay upon de road,  
Hoppee, hoppee, hoppee-toad.

Once a time I follow you  
W'at you tink I seen you do  
If I don' see wid my eyes  
Guess I gon' be some surprise.  
I hev watch you catch a fly  
An' mak' my laugh till I come cry,

W'en you snap widin you' mout'  
All de bug you fin' about  
But dis tam, 'fore I can say  
W'at you gon' do anyway  
Weder you unfasten it  
Or 'twas tight enough to split

I never know, but in de dirt,  
Dere I seen you eat you' shirt.  
W'en you pull it off you' back  
Dere's anoder brown an' black  
Underneat' it,—jus' de sam'!  
Ma foi! Avez-vous faim?

If I know dat you get lef',  
An' you hev for eat you'se'f,  
'Stead of catching bug an' fly  
I would feed you, by and by,  
W'en again I pass de road,  
Hoppee, hoppee, hoppee-toad!

## LE CANADIEN-AMERICAIN

Well, yass, dat's so, I'm Français, me,  
But dat's not all I am,  
I don' leev on de French countree,  
I lak de Uncle Sam;  
My modder, an' my fadder too,  
Dey come leev on de state,  
An' dat's no matter w'ere day grew,  
It never is too late  
For de Canadien  
To be Americain.

I'm small wan, me, beeg 'nough to be  
Not'ing at all, I guess,  
But w'at you t'ink dat you will see  
W'en tam gon' mak' it's pass?  
You t'ink you know it, do you, yass?  
Dat I will be sojer,  
An' not be couché on de grass,  
T'inkin' all dis over—  
How de Canadien  
Can be Americain.

If I go on de war an' fight,  
I'm not 'fraid, me, for die  
I'm shu, for I hev dream at night  
Dat I was in de sky;  
Dat's nice place dere,—but if I leev  
An' loss my leg or arm,—  
Dat's not too moche, is it, to geev  
If you lak Uncle Sam  
As dis Canadien  
Who is Americain?



IL N'Y A PLUS D'ENFANTS



## THE COURTSHIP

W'en ma modder die, ma tante, she say,  
"You com' an' leev wid me,  
I'm not moche rich, but I know de way  
Ta mere gon' feel sorree  
If de speerit com' an' see its girl  
Wid nobodee care for it  
I tak' you now, an' watch you till  
Some feller com' an' sit  
An' court you dere in de ole parloir,  
An' ax you for mariée,—  
Oh, now you com' so rouge, w'at for  
You color up dat way?  
Look lak de blood will bus' your skin,  
But I know you t'ink for sure  
Of de boy by de name of St. Martin  
Who hang aroun' de door  
Mos' ev'ry night till de clock strike ten,  
An' longer, too, maybe,  
If I don' call an' tell you den  
It's tam for all bodee  
To say 'Aurevoir,' an' go to bed,  
Or to-morrow will fin'  
You rose cheek white, an' feel beeg head,  
An' dat won' please Antoine."  
I min' ma tante, because I know,  
I'm sure she's good for me.  
Nex' morn, she look inside ma door  
W'en I am still sleepee,  
She say, "Antoine, he look very nice  
Las' night!—Oh, you can't fool me  
Lookin' as if you hev no eyes—  
Shut tight so you cannot see;  
You might as well wake up and show  
How shine you beeg black eye!  
But I'll not ax you any mo'—  
I know you'll com' bime-by

An' say, 'Ma tante, you sure mus' see  
De way dis t'ing she go—  
How I lak him, an' he lak me,  
He is de only beau.' ”  
Ma tante, she mus' hev beau galore  
W'en she was young some day,  
Leevin' back in ol' Canadaw,  
She knows mos' all de way,  
I don' hev tol' her ev'ryt'ing,  
An' I don' hev tol' you!  
But dis moche happen in de spring  
W'en all de sky was blue,  
An' fiel' was green, an' bird dey sing  
As if dey's glad lak me,  
For dere's no feller ever bring  
A girl dat's more happy  
Up to de church of de Notre-Dame  
For mak' de mariée,  
For him, he say he got bes' femme  
Dere is on dis countré!

## COAXED

W'at for you ax me mariée  
W'en I hev tol' you, "Non, non, non?"  
W'at's dat, w'at's dat I hear you say—  
Dat you will ax Marie LeDaux?  
Oh, now, you know she's not fine girl,  
An' she don't lak you, too, I'm shore—  
She tol' me she lak Joe Marville  
Till she can't lak some one no more.  
W'at's dat, you say she tak' you quick  
If she can get you on de string?  
You are so smart, you mak' me sick,  
You talk lak you don' know not'ing!  
Say, 'Gene, I t'ink you gon' crazee—  
I'll never look at you some more  
If you t'ink Marie's better'n me—  
Ma gosh, you mak' me almos' roar!  
Com' in de house, its col' outside,  
I feel some col' myself, also.  
(I don' know how dat I can hide  
W'at he mus' soon fin' out, I know!)  
Come, now, you sit beside me here  
For I hev very moche to say.  
"Kiss you"! Oh no!—"Marie"! Oh dear!  
Ah oui, I geev you nice baisier!

## DE PIQNIQUE

Wan day we go on leetle piquique,  
Off in de wood somewhere,  
Dere's Jeremie Plant, and Joe Trinique,  
An' me, we t'ree was dere.

Dere's not moche work on shop dat tam,  
Ba gosh, we do not care!  
We lak mak' monee all de sam'  
But we not gon' for swear.

We say, "Here comes our luck for sure,  
Dis day we mak' some fun,  
We see de sky she can't be bluer,  
An' oh, so bright, de sun!

We tak' our pole an' tak' our string  
An' put a hook on it,  
We dig some worm which Jeremie put  
Right into his pocket.

An' Joe, he hev w'at I don' know,  
But he geev me leetle wink,  
So I suppose we hev also  
Somet'ing dat's good for drink.

We sit dere on de rock dat day,  
Waiting for fish to bite  
But dey don seem for be hungré,  
Perhaps de sun's too bright.

I see Jeremie, he shif' his seat—  
He seem quite oneasee,  
An' den I feel de dam mosquit'  
Is try for eat up me.

Dere's fonnee t'ing—we make a bet  
Dat we won' speak of it,  
Nor scratch ourselves on w'at we get  
An' so dey bit an' bit.

But never word we say encore  
Till I can see quite well  
A bite is under Joe's collar  
An' on Jeremie's ankel.

On my finger I get bad one  
Which mak' me mos' crazee,  
I say, "Perhaps you t'ink dis fun?—  
\*I'm catchin' cold for me."

Den Jeremie rise an' start for run,  
\*\*He shak' his heel lak dat  
An Joe, poor t'ing, his turn began,  
But Joe, he's pretty sma't.

\*\*\*He look aroun' dis way, den dat—  
For see how Jeremie run,  
An' den we all tak' up our hat  
An' call our fishin' done.

Dere's not'ing said about de bet,  
But sometam w'en we meet  
We ax, "How many bite you get  
W'en we had dat piquique?"

---

\*Gesture—drawing the infected finger under the nose.

\*\*Gesture—moving up and down the infected ankle.

\*\*\*Gesture—turning head from side to side, rubbing neck against the collar.

## DE RAILROAD TRAIN

W'at you know 'bout dis railroad train?  
I seen her two, t'ree tam,  
W'en on Sunday I tak' my cane  
An' go walk wid my femme.

Wan day I pass on dat depot  
An' smoke wan good cigar,  
W'en I mak' up my min' to go  
An' tak' ride on de car.

I wear a bel new suit on me,  
So I suppose for guess,  
Wid red neck-tie an' small goatee,  
I am quite politesse.

I tie a flower wid a pin  
Upon my button-hole,  
I see a window—look widin  
To see how tiquette sol'.

I call out, "Monsieur Door-keeper,  
Geev me wan grosse tiquette  
For go ride on your steamboat car—  
Dere's fiftee cent for it.

I go walk out in de platfloor  
For promenade leetle way,  
Dere's many people go out-door  
For watch de train passez.

I walk aroun' an' feel me, too  
Is jus' as beeg wid dem.  
I turn my back, an' den, "Toot-too!"  
I hear dat beeg engen.



She com' aroun' dat curv' corner,  
So fas' I cannot tell!  
I am so mad she don' stop dere  
My tiquette I will sell.

I ax somewan if he will buy,  
I say I'll sell it cheap—  
For twentee-cent. He says, "For why  
You' tiquette you don' keep?"

I tak it to de door-keeper,  
He say, "Dat's not your train."  
I say, "For dat I pay my fare,  
You don' catch me again!"

"If dat's not mine, whose is it, den?  
I don' ride ev'ry day,  
But if I cannot go jus' w'en  
I lak, I'll stay away."

Ba gosh, w'at mak' me mad de mos'  
Was w'at dat engen say,  
I can't help swear, me, w'en, ba grosse!  
She commence for souffler.

"Too-te-too-te-toot, I got you fiftee cent  
I got you fif-tee cent,—  
"Too-te-too-te-toot, I got you fiftee cent  
I got you fif-tee cent!"

## OVER THE TELEPHONE

One, two—ring t'ree!

Madame's out—

Dat means me!

I go speak on telephome!

Felix knows

She's not at home.

Now he t'ink dis

Wan good chance

Perhaps for ax me

Go for dance.

\*Hello,—Yes, yes,—

Hello, I say,—

W'at for you go

Talk dat way?—

I can't tole you

W'at you tell!—

W'at's dat you say—

I mak' my yell?—

Well, I can't hear

Very well.

If you knew how

I'd mak' you spell!—

“L-O-V-E”

Dat's correc'—

How you learn dat?—

Oh, I 'spec'

You got teachers

Somew'ere roun'!—

No, I never!—

I'll be boun'

Dat's all you know!

W'at you geev

If 'tisen't so?—

---

\*Taking down the receiver.

Well, I'd geev  
 Not anyt'ing!—  
 No! I do not  
 Want your ring.—  
 Let me hear you  
 Try again.—  
 "M-A-R—", Yes,  
 (Dat's verree plain!)  
 "I-E-R—" W'at,  
 You mean me?—  
 You spell quite right!—  
 Well, dat's fonnee,  
 I t'ought you don'  
 Know anyt'ing,  
 But now, I guess,  
 I tak' you ring.—  
 An' marry you  
 Ah oui, maybe.—  
 (But I'm not shu  
 Who's talk to me—  
 Dat voice don' soun'  
 Lak' my Felix—  
 I t'ink I mus be  
 Pretty mix.  
 I'll ax him, now!)  
 Say, who is dere?—  
 Not you, Felix?  
 Oh, Great Cesaire!  
 W'at I goin' do?—  
 Marry wit' you—  
 I not promise!—  
 \*\*Felix!—Adieu.\*\*\*

---

\*\*Aside—indicating the entrance of Felix.

\*\*\*Hanging up the receiver.

## DE NEW YEAR

De New Year com'  
An' de New Year go!  
De New Year com'  
But she com' no mo'  
Wid de t'ing she brought  
So long ago.

I 'member me,  
W'en I hev a beau—  
He's bes' man den  
Dat I ever know  
In dat sweet tam  
So long ago!

We mak' mariée,  
An' den we go  
Leev on good house  
Wid plaintee mo'  
Good t'ing we had  
So long ago!

De chil'ren com'  
An' de chil'ren go,  
An' de leetle wan  
Play aroun' our do'—  
Oh my, it seems  
So long ago!

Wan New Year com'  
An' it bring my Joe—  
Oh, de bel ange!  
We loved him so,  
But he pass from us—  
So long ago!

My man, he's here,  
But I don' know  
How long he sit  
So droll an' slow  
Beside de fire,  
I only know

Dat he's not lak  
De man he was  
He's lak de fly  
You see was froz'  
Upon de wall  
An' los' its buzz.

De tam will com',  
W'en he no mo'  
Will sit beside  
De oven do',  
An' smoke his pipe  
An' puff an' blow.

W'en dat tam com'  
I hope to go—  
For he's my man,  
An' I love him mo'  
Den I did de beau  
Of long ago!

De New Year com'  
An' de New Year go!  
But in nex' worl'  
Perhaps I'll know  
My man w'at was  
So long ago!

## LULLABY

Hush! Hush!  
Go to sleep, ma bebe,  
Don' you cry, stop you try  
For mak' les yeux see,  
Fermez vite, rest, ma sweet—  
Ma wan leetle chérie!

Hush! Hush!  
Ton pere, he no comin'—  
Com' no more for see pauvre  
Petite bebe an' me.  
Oh, le Dieu! pity you—  
Ma wan leetle chérie!

## DAT LEETLE HAN'

Dat leetle han'  
It was so sweet,  
So lak a rose  
Dat bloom an' greet  
Us in de June.  
No flower dat grows  
Was look so pink  
An' none could change  
More quick, I t'ink,  
An' fade more soon.

Dat leetle han'  
I feel it still  
As if could touch  
Ma cheek, an' t'rill  
Ma heart wid joy.  
O Marie Sainte,  
I look to Dee!  
Hol' Dou dat han'  
An' keep for me  
Ma leetle boy!

## DE STOREE TAM

*(Adapted from an old Canadian Legend)*

Sometam w'en snow at night, or rain,  
We all com' sit on our kitchen;  
De modder weave de rag tapis,  
W'ile leetle wan play about de knee,  
De boys mak' noissee mos' de tam,  
But girls, deys busee jus' de sam;  
I pull ma chair up to de fire—  
De stove, ma femme, she polish higher  
Dan toe St. Peter,—w'at you tink—  
She mak' me proud? You bet you' chink;  
I light ma pipe, commence for smoke  
W'en seems lak ev'ry wan, she spoke,  
An' pull ma collar, tear ma hair,  
Till I mos' t'ink I don't be dere—  
"Oh, tell wan storee, papa, please!"  
I see I never get no ease  
Till storee 's done, so say me, "Well  
About w'at t'ing you want I tell?"  
"Oh, tell about de grandfadder  
Dat used for live on Canada!"  
De storee, sure, dey know by heart,  
But always want to hear dat part—  
How he got los' at Point Lévis  
On wan dark night. He go on spree—  
I guess dat's true—but he say no—  
He always claim it isn't so,  
Dough he hev flask of whiskey blanc  
He said he did not drink ce temps.  
Now he start out upon de way—  
A braver man don' leev, I say,—  
De horse he ride was wan fine brute  
Dat lak de bow an' arrow shoot,  
An so he go for many mile;  
Bime-bye it seem de witches' isle,



De Isle D'Orléans—jus' right across  
 Was all afire; he leave his hoss,  
 He sprang de ditch—he lean on fence,  
 Wid all his eyes he stare intense—  
 He saw de flames dance up and down,  
 Lak will-o'-wisp, go roun' an' roun',—  
 He strain his eyes wid all his might,  
 An' den behol', wan cur'ous sight,—  
 Some men dere were of queerest breed  
 Wid heads lak peck measure, indeed,  
 An' pointed cap, a yard in length,  
 Some claws, mauvaise, of awful strength,  
 Were on de leg, an' feet, an' han',  
 An' now I tole you 'bout dis man  
 De strangest t'ing of all dat be  
 Was dat he don' hev no bodee,—  
 De leg seem fasten' to de ear,  
 An' all de fat had disappear,  
 De lip of ev'ry wan was split  
 Ver' moche de same as de rabbit,  
 An' t'rough each split, a tusk dere be  
 Lak dat in you' unnat'ral histree;  
 De nose was lak wan beeg pig-snout,  
 W'ich dey could twist each way about.  
 De tail was mak' for sweep de flies,  
 'Twas twice as long as cow's, besides.  
 For ev'ry couple of dose witch  
 Dere's only t'ree eye—one of w'ich,  
 De one-eye imp, lead 'roun' de two  
 Who follow heem an' mak' goo-goo  
 Wid bot' hees eyes, an' jompe along,  
 Lak choking cow dey sing dis song,—

“Come, my tricking traveler's guide,  
 Devil's minion, true and tried,  
 Come, my sucking pig, my simple,  
 Brother Wart and Brother Pimple,  
 Here's a fat and juicy Frenchman  
 To be pickled, to be fried!”

Your grandfadder, he feel som' scare,  
He say, "Now prenez-garde, ma chère,  
If you get no more fat to eat  
Dan dat you fin' on my lean meat  
You need not hardly skim you' brot'!"  
An' 'fore dere's tam for second tho't,  
He see loom up wan beeg devil  
As long as steeple St. Michael;  
He carry 'bout a beeg sauce-pan,  
He beat on it, an' goblins ran  
Lak lightnin' 'roun' de island shore  
In wan minute, w'ile giant roar,

"Here's the spot that suits us well  
When it gets too hot in hell,  
Toura Loura,  
Here we go all around,  
Hands all around,  
Here we go, hands all around!

"Come along and stir your sticks,  
You jolly dogs of heretics,  
Toura Loura,  
Here we go all around,  
Hands all around,  
Here we go, hands all around!

"Room for all, there's room for all  
That skim or wriggle, bounce or crawl,  
Toura Loura,  
Here we go, all around,  
Hands all around,  
Here we go, hands all around!"

De devil struck de beeg sauce-pan,  
An' said, "Come 'cross quick as you can,  
Dere's only fourteen t'ousand time  
To dance aroun' an' sing de rhyme,  
Before 'tis time for cock to crow!"  
Wid dat, he struck t'ree awful blow.

Your grandfadder could feel de sweat  
 Stan' out all over heem, you bet,  
 'Twas hanging from hees nose, ba gosh!  
 Lak head of oats,—he's scare dat moche.  
 He felt heeself some stupefy,  
 An' den he hear a bird, w'ich cry,  
 "Que tu?"—"O, ho!" My fadder said,  
 'Tis quite plain now dat I'm not dead  
 An' gon' to hell—for now I hear  
 De good Lord's bird—de leetle dear!"  
 He ope his eye, first wan, den two,  
 An' still he hear de soun' "Que-tu?"  
 "Oh, my dear bird," said he to it,  
 "I'm not quite sure my name will fit;  
 De day before, 'twas Jean Coutu,  
 But I can't say now if it's true."  
 W'en he perceive it's broad day light  
 He fin' heeself in such a plight—  
 Right in de ditch, cover' wid sand;  
 First t'ing he did, he stretch hees hand  
 For tak' a drink, but no such luck!  
 De empty flask he foun' was stuck  
 Into de mud, an' so he guess  
 De witches drank it, more or less,—  
 He swear dat he don' tak' two drop.  
 He walk way home—de horse don' stop  
 For bring heem back—an' such a change  
 Was in heem dat we t'ought it strange.  
 You don' believe it? In one night  
 His hair was turn from black to white.  
 'Twas two week after 'fore he tole  
 One-half de storee, or de whole,  
 But ever after, ever more  
 He's even 'fraid to do his chore  
 Out in de stable after dark,  
 At ev'ry noise he say, "Oh, hark!"  
 An' shak' heeself wid fear an' dread.—  
 Dat's all, ma children, go to bed.





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Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

**PreservationTechnologies**

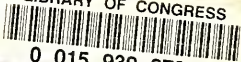
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